



FIZGIG'S TRIUMPH.

A NEW SONG.

To the Tune of; Stand around my brave Boys.

Written by MURDOCH O BLANEY.

I.
YE Gents of the Quill, at present be still,
With political Subjects have done;
No longer dispute of *Pitt* or of *Bute*,
Since *Fizgig*'s the Talk of the Town.

Tol de rol, &c.

II.
From *Hibernia*'s sweet Shore, Dear Joy he came o'er
To *England*, to get him a Name,
With a d—'d Brazen-Face, and a Fribble's Grimace,
He would wriggle himself into Fame.

Tol, &c.

III.
At the Play-house and Park he shines a smart Spark,
By some Folks is reckon'd a Wit;
He has Verses by rote, great Authors can quote;
As a Critic to none he'll submit.

Tol, &c.

IV.
Puff'd up with Conceit, his Fame to compleat,
(*'Twas* a wonderful Thing I dare say)
With great Labour and Pains he ranfack'd his Brains,
And produc'd, Sirs, a—*what*—why, A PLAY.

Tol, &c.

V.
But *Garrick*, that Elf, so fond of himself,
Told *Fizgig* his Play would not do;
Which made him so mad, that he swore, Sir, *by Gad*,
Such Treatment he'd make him to rue.

Tol, &c.

VI.
With critical Spite he sat down to write,
What he thought would make *Davey* to quake;
But oh! he despis'd the lies he devis'd,
And *Fizgig* soon found his Mistake.

Tol, &c.

VII.
On a different Plan, he straitway began,
The Disgrace would not let him be quiet;
On trifling Pretences, a War he commences,
And at *Drury* he kicks up a Riot.

Tol, &c.

VIII.
This made little *Davey* to cry out *pecavi*,
And hear what he had for to say,
When inform'd, in a Trice he lower'd the Price,
And *Fiz* went in Triumph away.

Tol, &c.

IX.
Away now he steer'd to attack *Jobny Beard*,
Who his Anger had likewise incur'd;
But he was more stout, and boldly stood out,
Till his house they near spoil'd on my word.

Tol, &c.

X.
But at length he comply'd; and *Fiz* satisfy'd,
Which greatly increas'd his Renown;
For the People declare it, and are ready to swear it,
Such Assurance before was ne'er known.

Tol, &c.

XI.
Then since *Fiz* has the Day, let the Town loud huzza,
Half price there shall be at both Houses;
Fizgig and his Friends, have now got their ends,
And may treat both themselves and their Spouses.

Tol de rol, &c.

Printed for TRISTRAM SHANDY, Fleet Street, 1763. [Price SIX-PENCE.]

Just published,

In Two Acts, FITZGIGGO, A new Ballad Opera, Price One Shilling.